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Summary: Basically Kuroo/Tsukki PWP.

Bite Marks

this was a request from the blog kurotsukki on tumblr! basically pwp~

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><p>Tsukishima wasn't even really sure how it happened. One moment they were putting the volleyballs back and the next he was shoved up against the wall, unable to breathe. Kuroo's mouth was sealed tightly over his own, a little trickle of saliva running down his chin. He shoved at the other male to get him away. The blonde was given barely a breath before Kuroo attacked him once more, pressing a leg up against him.</p>

Fingers curled into his hair and tugged his head back sharply, Kuroo licking at his throat. The raven nipped his ear almost hard enough to draw blood.

"Seeing you run around on the court all sweaty makes me want to take you in front of everyone." His voice is low and threatening—*a shiver runs down Tsukishima's spine.*

Kuroo's mouth seals over his Adam's apple and a shudder of fear goes through him. The blonde takes a sharp breath before the other male growls, a deep sound that goes straight to his dick. Those sharp teeth dig into his skin; for that split second, the blonde can't breathe. But it's thrilling and exciting—it always is with Kuroo. When he finally lets up the pressure, Tsukishima is drooling and his eyes nearly roll into his head.

Kuroo's body presses against him. Their shorts aren't the ideal material for this sort of thing but he makes it work. Tsukishima is

fighting to regain some sort of control, anything really, even if it's just a moment to properly think. But the other seems to have no intention of doing such a thing and within moments they're on the ground, Kuroo holding the blonde's hands high above his head with a single hand. He can't even think about breaking free as Kuroo moves over his body, biting and sucking at every bit of skin he can possibly reach.

Somehow his wrists are tied to the rack above him, and Kuroo is even more deadly with two hands to tease him with.

The raven palms his cock through his gym shorts. Amber eyes are glazed with lust, Tsukishima panting like a dog in heat. Kuroo strokes him agonizingly slow, his face dark with his intentions.

"S-someone's gonna walk inâ€"

Kuroo bites his hip in warning. "Don't care."

That little brush of breath wrings his first moan into the storage closet.

He feels cold air over his lower half and then suddenly his shoes are gone, and Kuroo is practically worshipping his long legs. Sometimes he bites, other times he simply gives him butterfly kisses. This time he doesn't hold backâ€"his skin is completely covered in dark marks and little bleeding teeth marks when he's done.

Tsukishima is barely given a moment to rest before the raven is parting his cheeks, a hot tongue suddenly prodding at his twitching hole. He's so aroused it practically hurts but he knows if he comes early there'll be hell to pay later. There's no warning as it dips inside, tasting and sucking, and all of a sudden there's a finger and then two moving within him and Tsukishima can't seem to stop the noises escaping his throat. They don't even sound like they belong to him.

The captain of Nekoma sits upright, licking his lips with a smirk. "It's a good thing I brought lube today."

Tsukishima wrinkles his nose at the scent of grapesâ€"when the hell had that ever seemed appealing? But Kuroo seems to like it, and if Kuroo likes it, then he has to fall in love with it too. Lube-slick fingers drag across the crease of his ass, simply rubbing for a minute or two. Tsukishima is nearly crying with frustration at this point. "Hurry up you asshole!"

Kuroo gives the sweetest smile and then those fingers are deep within, stroking and barely giving him a second of peace. He's whining and whimpering and moaning like the little bitch he is, the raven soaking it all in.

"â€"Enough."

The smell of grapes brushes against his nose again, followed by a bottle clattering to the floor. Glazed eyes watch as Kuroo shifts forwards; his hands are practically dripping with lube.

"I'm not going easy on you today."

He isn't even given the chance to answer before he's suddenly filled with all that's Kuroo, pressing deep inside in a single thrust. It hurts of course but Tsukishima likes the pain, lives for it in fact, and it's a whole new experience with Kuroo. The boy is like a drug.

His hands are untied and the blonde immediately clings to his lover, dragging his nails down the Nekoma captain's back. There's a hiss of pain and Kuroo retaliates by leaving a nice bite in his shoulder. He's practically scrabbling to cling to the man as he brutally thrusts into him, hard and unrestrained. Nails dig into his hips and he knows that's the most he's gonna get. Tsukishima wraps his hand around himself, stroking in time with each hard push into his body.

"Pleaseâ€" "

Kuroo slams him against the wall in nearly ten seconds, his back scraping along tile. It's gonna be heard to explain the bruises and bite marks along his legs and neck tomorrow but at the moment, the blonde can't seem to care. And all in a rush Kuroo thrusts as hard as he can, sinks his teeth into Tsukishima's neck, and lets himself go. They've never came at the same time before but the pain is enough of a spike to get him close to the end. And with a final stroke of his hand, he slumps against his lover and simply tries to catch his breath.

Like a cat, Kuroo licks at the bites he's left behind, cleaning them up and apologizing in his own little way. Then he smiles in his usual wayâ€"if Tsukishima didn't know him firsthand he'd never agree that Kuroo had this side of his personality.

Tsukishima's content expression shifts a bit but he isn't back to frowning just yet. "â€| You better hope they didn't eat my food." The raven tilts his head back and laughs, because out of all the things to say, Tsukishima chose that. And it's so like him that it nearly hurts. But it's just another thing to love the blonde for, and whether Tsukishima wants to admit it or not, he loves Kuroo too.

Hopefully they can explain why it took nearly twenty minutes to put volleyballs in a storage closet.

End
file.